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No. 84.

# APPEAL TO THE YOUTH,

AND ESPECIALLY TO THE

## Soldiers of the Confederate States.

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To arrest a great moral evil, and elevate the general standard of character in a community, the influence of the young is all-important. *They* can, if they please, put an end to the most demoralizing scourge that has ever invaded our country, and introduce a state of society far more pure and elevated than the world has yet seen.

Consider, then, beloved youth, some of the numerous motives for abstaining from intoxicating liquor and other hurtful indulgences, and employing your time and faculties with a view to the highest improvement and usefulness.

The use of such liquor, as a beverage, *will do you no good*. It will not increase your property or credit: no merchant would deem a relish for it any recommendation for a clerk or partner in business. It will not invigorate your body or mind: for chemistry shows that alcohol contains no more nutriment than fire or

lightning. It will not increase the number of your respectable friends: no one, in his right mind, would esteem a brother or neighbor the more, or think his prospects the better, on account of his occasional use of intoxicating liquor. Nor will it in the least purify or elevate your affections, or help to fit you for the endearments of domestic life, or social intercourse; but, on the contrary, scripture and observation alike testify, that wine and its kindred indulgences "*take away the heart.*" Why, then, should a rational being, capable of the purest happiness, and capable of blessing others by an example of temperance, indulge in a beverage in no respect useful to those in health, but the occasion of countless miseries!

But strict temperance has a direct influence on *the health and vigor of both mind and body.* The most eminent physicians bear uniform testimony to its propitious effect. And the Spirit of Inspiration has recorded, *He that striveth for the mastery, is temperate in all things.* Many striking examples might be adduced. The mother of Samson, that prodigy of human strength, was instructed by an angel of God to preserve him from the slightest touch of "wine, or strong drink, or any unclean thing." And Luther, who burst the chains of half Europe, was as remarkable for temperance as for great bodily and intellectual vigor. Sir Isaac Newton, also, while composing his Treatise on Light—a work requiring the greatest clearness of intellect—it is said, very scrupulously abstained from all stimulants. The immortal Edwards, too, repeatedly records his conviction and experience of the happy effect of strict temperance, both on mind and body. And recent reformations from moderate drinking have revealed numerous

examples of renovated health and spirits in consequence of the change.

But not to multiply instances, let any youth, oppressed with heaviness of brain or dulness of intellect, judiciously try the experiment of *temperance in all things*, united with habitual activity, and he will be surprised at the happy effect.

Consider, again, that *in the purest state of morals, and the most elevated and refined circles, the use of intoxicating drink is now discountenanced, and regarded as unseemly.* Inspiration has declared, "It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink." And who would not regard any of the truly noble, as lowering themselves by disparaging this sentiment? What clerical association, or what convention of philanthropists, would now be found "mingling strong drink?" What select band of students, hoping soon to officiate honorably at the altar of God, before the bench of justice, or in the chamber of affliction, would now call for brandy or wine? What circle of refined females would not feel themselves about as much degraded by familiarity with such indulgences, as by smoking, or profane language? Or what parent, inquiring for an eligible boarding-school, would think of asking whether his son or daughter might there have the aid of such stimulus, or the example of its use? If, then, intoxicating liquor is thus disparaged in the most moral and intelligent circles, why should it not be universally abjured by individuals? Why should not the young, especially, of both sexes, keep themselves unspotted, and worthy of the most elevated society?

Consider, moreover, that if the habit of drinking be indulged, *it may be difficult, if not impossible,* should

you live, *to break off in more advanced life.* Thus, even in this day of reform, there are individuals, calling themselves respectable, so accustomed to drink, or traffic in the poison, that all the remonstrances of philanthropists and friends, the wailings of the lost, the authority of Heaven, and the anathema of public sentiment combined, cannot now restrain them. Let the youth, then, who turns with shame from such examples of inconsistency, beware of a habit so hardening to the conscience, so deadening to the soul.

But, to increase your contempt for the habit of drinking, think how it especially prevails *among the most degraded portions of the community.* Inquire through the city, or village, for those who are so polluted as to be shut out from all decent society—so inured to vice that they cannot be looked upon but with utter disgust; learn their history, and you invariably find that the insidious glass has been their companion, their solace, and their counsellor. And should not dark suspicion and decided reprobation be stamped upon that which is thus associated with the lowest debasement and crime?

Such drink, in its very nature, has a perverting and debasing tendency—leading to foul speeches, foolish contracts, and every sensual indulgence. Those under its influence will say and do what, in other circumstances, they would abhor: they will slander, reveal secrets, throw away property, offend modesty, profane sacred things, indulge the vilest passions, and cover themselves and friends with infamy. Hence the solemn caution, “Look not thou on the wine, when it giveth its color in the cup: at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder; thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thy heart utter perverse

things." Those who, by gaming or intrigue, rob others of their property, and those who allure "the simple" to ruin, it is said, fully understand its perverting influence. "Is it not a little one?" say they; and so the unwise are "caused to fall, by little and little."

"She urged him still to *fill another cup*;  
 \* \* \* and in the dark, still night,  
 When God's unsleeping eye alone can see,  
 He went to her adulterous bed. At morn  
 I looked, and saw him not among the youths;  
 I heard his father mourn, his mother weep;  
 For none returned that went with her. The dead  
 Were in her house; her guests in depths of hell:  
 She wove the winding-sheet of souls, and laid  
 Them in the urn of everlasting death."

Such is ever the tendency of the insidious cup. For the unerring Word declares, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is *not wise*." "They are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment."

Indeed, the *whole spirit of the Bible*, as well as uncorrupted taste, is in direct hostility to this indulgence. Its language in regard to all such stimulants to evil is, *Touch not, taste not, handle not*. And to such as glory in being above danger, it says, with emphasis, "We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and *not to please ourselves*."

He who hath declared, *Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God*, cannot, surely, be expected to adopt, as heirs of his glory, any who, under all the light that has been shed on this subject, perseveringly resolve to sip the exhilarating glass for mere selfish pleasure, when they know that their example may probably lead



others to endless ruin. Common sense, as well as humanity, revolts at the thought.

On the other hand, strict temperance is pleasing to the Most High. Hence, it is said of him who was honored to announce the Saviour's advent, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink."

Moreover, the habit of strict temperance, being allied to other virtues, will secure for you the *respect and confidence of the best portions of the community*, as well as the approbation of God, and thus lead to your more extensive usefulness. The youth who promptly comes up to the pledge and practice of total abstinence, and persuades others to do so, gives evidence of decision and moral courage—gives evidence of an intellect predominating over selfish indulgence, and superior to the laugh of fools; and such is the man whom an intelligent community will delight to honor.

But you are to live, not merely for self-advancement, or happiness; consider, then, that *true patriotism and philanthropy rightfully demand* your cordial support of the Temperance cause. A thick, fiery vapor, coming up from the pit, has been overspreading our whole land and blighting half its glory. Thousands, through the noxious influence of this vapor, have yearly sunk to that pit, to weep and lament for ever. Thousands more are groping their miserable way thither, who, but for this pestilence, might be among our happiest citizens. Still greater numbers, of near connections, are in consequence covered with shame. Ah, who can say, he has had no relative infected by this plague? But Providence, in great mercy, has revealed the only effectual course for exterminating the plague—*total abstinence*

from all that can intoxicate. And the adoption of this course, instead of involving any real sacrifice, might be an annual saving to the nation of *many millions of dollars*. What youth, then, who loves his country, will not cheerfully co-operate with the most respected of every profession in encouraging this course? Who does not see its certain efficacy, and the grandeur of the result?

While a foreign despot, with his armies, is now invading our country, every youthful bosom swells with indignation. And will you not combine to arrest the more cruel despot, Intemperance, whose vessels are daily entering our ports, whose magazines of death are planted at the corners of our streets, and whose manufactories are like "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched?"

Were all who have, in the compass of a year, been found drunk in the land, assembled in one place, they would make a greater army than ever Bonaparte commanded. And yet, unless patriot hearts and hands interpose, myriads more, from generation to generation, coming on in the same track, will go down like these to the drunkard's grave.

Were all the thousands that annually descend to the drunkard's grave cast out at once into an open field, their loathsome carcasses would cover many acres of ground. And yet the *source* of all this pollution and death is moderate drinking.

Were the thousands of distilleries and breweries, still at work day and night in the land, placed in one city or county, they would blacken all the surrounding heavens with their smoke. And could all the oaths, obscenities, and blasphemies they occasion every hour, be uttered in one voice, it would be more terrific than "seven thunders."



And are those armies of drunkards, that liquid fire, those carcasses of the slain, those ever-burning manufactories, and those blasphemies in the ear of Heaven, less appalling, less stirring to patriotism, because scattered throughout the land? Shall there be no burst of indignation against this monster of despotism and wickedness, because he has *insidiously* entered the country instead of coming in by bold invasion? Shall he still deceive the nation, and pursue his ravages? Or shall he not, at once, be arrested, when it can be done without cost and with infinite gain?

It must not be forgotten that, in this country, every drunkard has equal power in the elective franchise with the most virtuous citizen. Nor must it be forgotten that, should the reform now cease, and intemperance again increase for the fifty years to come, in only the same ratio that it did for twenty years previous to the commencement of general reform in 1826, about one-third of our voters would be drunkards. What, then, would be the character of our beloved republic?

But should intemperance increase in that ratio for *eighty* years, a *majority* of our voters would be drunkards. Who then could turn back the burning tide; or who could govern the maddening multitudes?

It is not a vain thing, then, that patriots have waked up to this subject. Their trumpet should now thrill through the land, and urge all the young to enlist, at once, on the side of virtue. These can, if they will, cause the river of abominations to be dried up.

But the subject of temperance has still another aspect, far more serious: it must be a solemn consideration to such as realize, in any measure, the worth of the soul and the necessity of its regeneration, that indul-

gence in the use of intoxicating drink, in this day of light, *may grieve the Holy Spirit*, whose presence alone can insure salvation. Indeed, to say nothing of the deadening influence of such liquor on the conscience, unless heaven and hell can mingle together, we cannot, surely, expect God to send *his spirit* to co-operate *with that* which is peculiarly offensive to the most devoted and self-denying of his friends, and which Satan employs, more than any other agent, in fitting men for his service. For, "what communion hath light with darkness?" "what concord hath Christ with Belial?" Beware, then, of the arch-deceiver, in this matter. "It is not a vain thing for you, because it is your life."

It is obvious that if such stimulants were wholly done away, *the Gospel would have far mightier sway*, and human nature generally assume a high character. Pure moral stimulus would take the place of what is low, sensual and selfish. Better health, better temper, higher intellect, and more generous benevolence would everywhere appear.

It is obvious, likewise, that Providence has great designs to be accomplished by the younger portions of this generation. Unto us are committed those oracles which declare, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." And already do I see, in the silent kindling of unnumbered minds, in our Sabbath-schools and other institutions, the presage of unexampled good to the nations. Who, then, of the rising race, is so dead to generous feeling, so deaf to the voice of Providence, so blind to the beauty of moral excellence, that he will not now aspire to some course of worthy action? Let this motto, then, stand out like the sun in the firma-

ment: HE THAT STRIVETH FOR THE MASTERY, IS TEMPERATE IN ALL THINGS.

One word in reference to making and observing a *pledge* for abstinence. As it respects yourself, it will show a resolute, independent mind, and be deciding the question once for all, and thus supersede the necessity of deciding it a thousand times, when the temptation is offered. It will, moreover, supersede the inconvenience of perpetual warfare with appetite and temptation. And as it respects others, of feebler minds or stronger appetites, your *example* may be immeasurably important. Multitudes may thus be secured to a life of sobriety, who, but for this pledge, would never have had the requisite firmness. Your influence may thus extend on the right hand and on the left, and down to future ages; and by such united pledges and efforts, countless multitudes may be saved from a life of wretchedness, a death of infamy, and an eternity of woe.

But does any one still say, "I will unite in no pledge, because in no danger?" Suppose *you are safe*; have you, then, no *benevolence*? Are you utterly *selfish*? Think of the bosom now wrung with agony and shame, over a drunken husband, or father, or brother. And have you no *pity*? Think of the millions of hopes, for both worlds, suspended on the success of the temperance cause. And will you do nothing to speed its triumph?

Do you say, your influence is of no account? It was one "poor man" that saved a "little city," when a "great king besieged it." Another saved a "great city," when the anger of Jehovah was provoked against it. Small as your influence may be, you are accountable to God and your country; and your finger may touch some string that shall vibrate through the nation.

But, are you conscious of possessing talent? Then rally the circle of your acquaintance, and enlist them in the sacred cause. And do you save a little by abstinence? Then *give* a little to extend the benign influence. What youth cannot, at least, circulate a few tracts, and, perhaps, enlist as many individuals? And who can estimate the endless influence of those individuals, or their capacity for rising with you in celestial splendor?

But, have you wealth, or power with the pen? Then speak by ten thousand tongues: send winged messengers through the city, the country, the town, the village, the harbor; and thus may you enjoy *now* the highest of all luxuries—the luxury of *doing good*. And, at the same time, trusting in HIM who came from the abodes of light, “to seek and save the lost,” you may secure *durable riches* in that world where, saith the Scripture, neither *covetous*, nor *drunkards*, nor extortioners, nor revilers, nor the *slothful*, nor mere *lovers of pleasure*, nor *anything that defileth*, shall ever enter; but where **THEY THAT BE WISE** shall shine forth as the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever.

When these opposite characters and their changeless destinies are *seriously* weighed, none, surely, can hesitate which to prefer. But, “what thou doest, do quickly.”

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And now, before concluding, let us especially urge this appeal on the earnest attention of the soldiers of the Confederate States.

GENTLEMEN—I almost said heroes. I will call you martial heroes. I cannot call you all moral heroes, for

moral heroism implies fortitude and self-denial, and we at home—your fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and friends—hear with sorrow and dismay that you, our pride, our hope, who at the call of danger to your country, sprang so gallantly to the rescue, freely bared your breasts to the shafts of battle, and in most unequal circumstances repeatedly drove back the countless hordes of our enemies, are, many of you, fast yielding to intemperance, a foe insidious and contagious, by which it is more disgraceful to be conquered than by your Northern enemies, who would rather see you conquered by it than by themselves, since their aim would be answered without exposing themselves to your terrible steel. Oh, dear countrymen! whither are you drifting? For the cause, these things ought not to be. You profess to feel that your cause is noble, just and holy. A noble cause ought to make noble champions, inspire them with its own nobleness, and raise them to the height of the great argument. What protector of a noble woman would not feel himself elevated by her confiding pressure upon his arm and her aid-asking eye? You have such a goddess, Liberty, leaning upon your strong arms and turning upon you her imploring eye to save her from pollution. She should make you lords of the lion heart and eagle eye. But we hear that some of you are unsteady your step, relaxing your discipline, lowering your regal crest, and losing your conscious look of independence, and that, too, in the presence of the enemy, by putting another enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains. My friends, believe not the selfish logic of drunkards, who want companionship to countenance their excesses, nor the still more selfish persuasions of distillers, who buy up the children's bread to convert it into adulterated



whiskey, to madden the brains of their fathers and bring them down in shame and sorrow to premature death or decrepitude! If anything is proven, it is proven by the endurance and almost superhuman victories of the water-drinking heroes of antiquity, by philosophy, by logic, by experiment, and the almost uniform testimony of great physicians, that the use of ardent spirits is weakening. Hear what the great and good Dr. Rush, the Father of American Medicine, says: 1. "These liquors were formerly used only as a medicine." 2. "Since the introduction of spirituous liquors, physicians have remarked that a number of new diseases have appeared among us." 3. "I have only named a *few* of the principal disorders produced by spirituous liquors. It would take up a volume to describe how many other disorders natural to the human body are increased and complicated by them." 4. "Spirituous liquors destroy more lives than the sword. War has its intervals of destruction, but spirits operate at all times and seasons upon life." 5. "There cannot be a greater error than to suppose that spirituous liquors lessen the effects of cold upon the body." 6. "It is equally absurd to suppose that spirituous liquors lessen the effect of heat upon the body." 7. "I maintain, with equal confidence, that spirituous liquors do not lessen the effects of hard labor upon the body." 8. Hear these awful words of doom: "*A people corrupted by strong drink cannot long be a free people.*" 9. "I must beg leave to inform them (that is, intemperates) that they must leave off *suddenly* and *entirely*. No man was ever *gradually* reformed from drinking spirits." 10. "He (that is, the reforming intemperate) must not only avoid tasting, but even smelling them, until long habits of abstinence have subdued his affection for

them." 11. "To prevent his feeling any inconvenience from the sudden loss of their stimulus upon his stomach, he should drink plentifully of camomile or any other bitter tea." These eleven brief sentences, taken from the doctor's work published in 1785, very inadequately set forth his appreciation of the evils of intemperance.

You would not think that I over-estimate the degree of public alarm on your account, if you could see as I see how the public is stirred on receipt of intelligence that intemperance is fast conquering those who conquered at Bethel, Manassas, Springfield, Carthage, Greenbrier, Belmont, Leesburg, and other stricken fields—how Christians of all denominations are forming themselves into union prayer meetings to pray for you, not so much to save you from your mortal as your alcoholic foes—how your tender ones, your mothers, wives, children, loved ones, who have adopted you as their chosen champions; who have worked for you far into the night, until their heads reeled, and their eyes swam, and their fingers ached and even bled—how their hearts throbbed, their bosoms exulted, and their eyes dilated with joy when they heard of your successes; how their cheeks paled, their heads drooped, their tongues stopped, when they heard of your excesses! If you could see them, did I say? You may, with a very small effort of imagination, see them, and hear them too. You may see and hear your wives, and children, and sisters, and sweethearts, with streaming eyes, uplifted hands, and supplicating looks, imploring you to dash the poisoned cup from your lips, which they have so often fondly pressed. And will you render them less sweet and less worthy to be pressed again by polluting them with impure liquor? You may picture the majestic form and awful voice of Washing-

ton saying to you, if I, with a handful of undisciplined troops, far inferior in appointments to you, passed victoriously through a seven years war, and often marked our retreat through the snows of winter by the blood that dripped from our naked feet, with but a very moderate use of ardent spirits, cannot you do the same? You may see the Guardian Angel, the Protecting Genius of the Confederacy, standing over you with alarmed visage, rent robes, bleeding body, but still hopeful and triumphant look, imploring you by all the memories of the past, by the momentous stake of the present, and its consequences to the future, not to sully or sink her cause by surrendering yourselves to so ignoble a foe as Whiskey.

MOURN for the thousands slain,  
 The youthful and the strong;  
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,  
 And the deluded throng.

Mourn for the ruined soul—  
 Eternal life and light  
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
 And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost—but call—  
 Call to the strong—the free;  
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
 And to the refuge flee.

Mourn for the lost—but pray—  
 Pray to our God above.  
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
 And show his saving love.

## DEFENCE IN WAR.

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“GIVE PEACE IN OUR TIME, O LORD.

BECAUSE THERE IS NONE OTHER THAT FIGHTETH FOR US, BUT ONLY THOU, O, GOD.”—*Exodus* xvii, 8-16.

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WHEN Joshua led the armed bands  
Of Israel forth to war,  
Moses apart, with lifted hands,  
Engag'd in humble prayer.

The armed bands had quickly fail'd,  
And perish'd in the fight,  
If Moses' prayer had not prevail'd  
To put the foes to flight.

When Moses' hands through weakness dropp'd,  
The warriors fainted too;  
Israel's success at once was stopp'd  
And Amalek bolder grew.

A people, always prone to boast,  
Were taught by this suspense,  
That not a numerous, armed host,  
But GOD, was their defence.

We now of fleets and armies vaunt,  
And ships and men prepare;  
But men like Moses most we want,  
To save the state by *prayer*.

Yet, Lord, we hope thou hast prepar'd  
A hidden few this day,  
(The nation's secret strength and guard),  
To weep, and mourn, and pray.

Oh, hear their prayers, and grant us aid,  
Bid war and discord cease;  
Heal the sad breach which sin has made,  
And bless us all with peace!

“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

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